

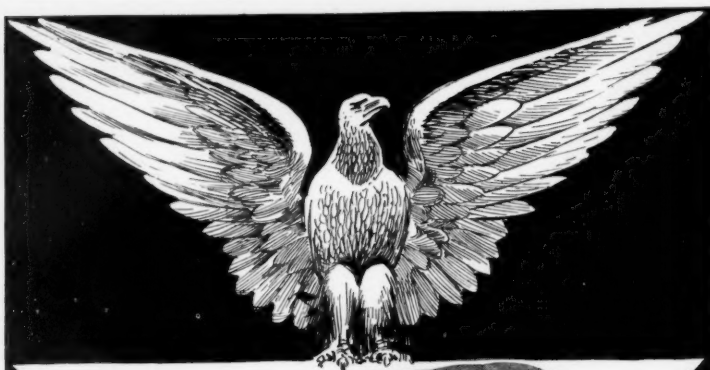
JUNE 17, 1909
VOL. LIII, NO. 1390



PRICE, 10 CENTS

LIFE





Republic Staggard Tread Tires

Usually if a tire is durable it has not an anti-skid tread.

Or if it has an anti-skid tread, it is not durable. (Steel studs tear out, small rubber studs wear off.)

But the Republic Staggard Tread Tire has big high rubber studs making a broad, durable wearing surface.

So a Republic Staggard Tread Tire is durable *and* anti-skid.

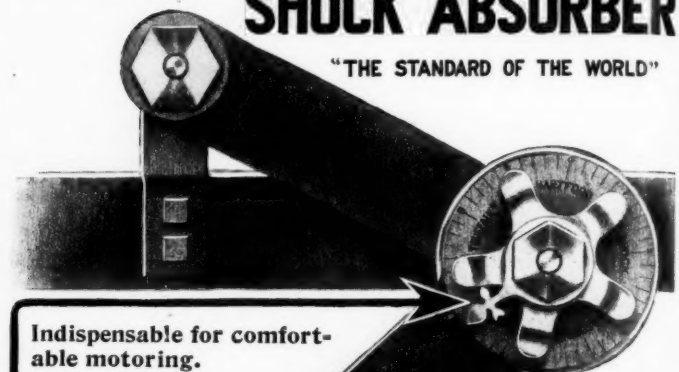
Republic Rubber Company
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

New York, 229 W. 58th St.
Boston, 735 Boylston St.
Chicago, 116 Lake St.
Philadelphia, 830 N. Broad St.
Cincinnati, O., 8th and Walnut Sts.
Cleveland, O., 5019 Euclid Ave.
St. Louis, 3964 Olive St.
Detroit, 246 Jefferson Ave.
Los Angeles, 1046 S. Main St.
Denver, 1721 Stout St.
San Francisco, 166 First St.
Toledo, O., 2815 Monroe St.
Indianapolis, 208 S. Illinois St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 136 Sixth St.
Seattle, 1429 Broadway
St. Paul, 180 E. 4th St.
Rochester, 208 South Ave.
Kansas City, 1612 Grand Ave.
Milwaukee, 457 Milwaukee St.
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Republic Staggard Tread Pat. Sep. 15, 1908.

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

"THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD"



Indispensable for comfortable motoring.

They positively eliminate jolt, jar and vibration.

Specify them on your new automobile.

THE
TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD

is the **ONLY** shock absorbing device of **ANY KIND** used as regular equipment by the prominent automobile manufacturers.

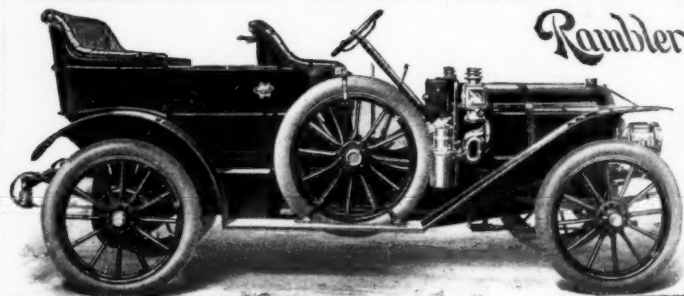
WHY?

Hartford Suspension Co.

Edw. V. Hartford, President.

165 Bay Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Branches in NEW YORK:
212-214 West 88th Street.
BOSTON: 319 Columbus Avenue.



Rambler

Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., \$2,250.
Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, \$74.
Magnet, \$150.

Character Coupled with Efficiency

To that purchaser who demands quality without undue elaboration, steady service without sensational performance, and reasonable cost without sacrifice of worth, Rambler Model Forty-four most strongly appeals.

The Offset Crank-Shaft provides for greater power efficiency in hill-climbing and for high-gear work in crowded traffic. The Rambler Spare Wheel obviates all tire worries—saves the task of pumping up the new tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes.

Those big wheels and tires provide comfort in touring, besides saving tire expense.

May we send you the new Rambler catalog or a copy of the Rambler Magazine, a monthly publication for owners? Rambler automobiles, \$1,150 to \$2,500.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies:
Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, New York, Cleveland, San Francisco.



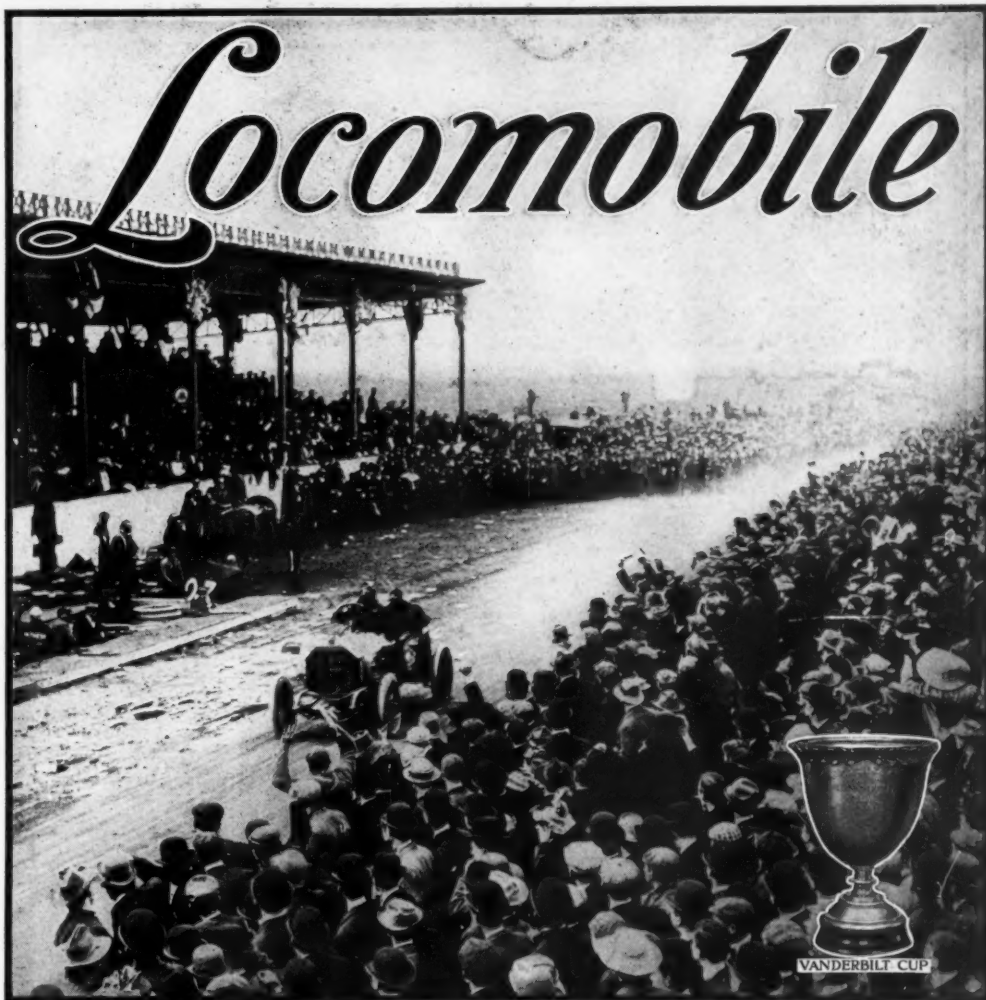
SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Recipe for a Ledger Poem

Years ago one of them confided to me his recipe for a New York *Ledger* poem. "Whatever you do," he said, "be careful not to use up a whole idea on a single poem, for if you do you'll never be able to make a cent. I usually cut an idea into eight pieces, like a pie, and write a poem for each piece, though once or twice I have made sixteen pieces out of one. My 'Two Brothers' idea yielded me just sixteen poems, all accepted, for which I received \$160. What do I mean by cutting up an idea? Well, I'll tell you. I took for a whole idea two brothers, brought up on a farm in the country, one of whom goes down to the city, while the other stays at home on the farm. Well, I wrote eight poems about those brothers, giving them such names as Homespun Bill and Fancy Jake, and the city man always went broke, and was glad to get back to the country again and find that Homespun Bill had either paid the mortgage on the place or saved the house from burning, or done something else calculated to commend him to the haymakers who subscribed for the paper. Then I wrote eight more, and in every one of those it was the yokel who got left; that is to say, Fancy Jake or Dashing Tom, or whatever I might choose to call him, would go to the city and either get rich in Wall street—always Wall, never Broad or Nassau street or Broadway, remember—and come back just in time to stop the sheriff's sale and bid in the old homestead for some unheard-of figure, or else he would become a great physician and return to save his native village at a time of pestilence, or maybe I'd have him a great preacher and come back and save all their souls; anyway, I got eight more poems out of the pair, to say nothing of some stories that I used in another paper."—James L. Ford, "The Literary Shop."

On Reading Novels

I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people than the Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a piker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my



The 90 Locomobile winning the 1908 Race for the Vanderbilt Cup. Average speed 64.38 miles per hour including stops. Sustained high speed is the supreme test of an automobile, and the victory of our car in this great contest is a triumph for our design and our factory methods. Furthermore the car was two years old when it started in the race. (12 Post Card views of race sent for 10 cents, Beautiful 11-color poster for framing, 10 cents.)

The "30"—A five passenger shaft drive car
\$3500.

The "40"—A seven passenger family car
\$4500

The *Locomobile* Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
NEW YORK - PHILADELPHIA - CHICAGO - BOSTON - SAN FRANCISCO

opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends."—*Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

On the Jump

"Is it really only ten minutes' walk to the station from your house?" asked Citiman.
"What a ridiculous question!" exclaimed Subbubs. "Nobody in lovely Swamphurst ever 'walks' to the station. I may say, however, that it's only about eight and a half minutes' run."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Sterling Tires

Each Sterling Tire is built as an individual job. Each layer of fabric and rubber is inspected before the next one goes on. Each tire is inspected from 8 to 12 times before it goes into stock. Each tire maker gets a premium for perfect work. Each tire is guaranteed.

Sterling Blue Tubes

are absolutely superior to any other and we say that and back it without reservation. "Ask us why they're blue."

THE STERLING TIRE CO., Rutherford, N. J.
New York: 100 Broadway, (cor. 10th)



**Millions Upon Millions
of Cakes of Ivory Soap
Leave Ivorydale Every Year.**

Where do they go?

To Europe, Asia, Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama. But by far the greatest proportion remains in this country.

What are they used for?

For bath, toilet, fine laundry and a hundred other purposes.

For the toilet?

Yes. More people use Ivory Soap for the toilet than for anything else.

Thousands of men use it for shaving and like it better than any of the high-priced shaving soaps.

Experienced housekeepers will use nothing else for washing woolens, laces and delicate fabrics.

How are these things explained? How does it happen that Ivory Soap is used for so many different purposes? And with such uniformly satisfactory results?

This is why: Ivory Soap is pure. It cleans, but it does not injure. It is the mildest, gentlest soap it is possible to make; but it does what it is intended to do—it *cleans*. And it is what soap ought to be—it *is pure*.

Ivory Soap . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure

LIFE



"WHAT A DEAR OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN YOU HAVE HERE, MR. BOUNDER, AND HOW YOU MUST LOVE TO COME HERE AND MUSE AND DREAM AND READ POETRY!"

Some Literary Appreciations

ROBERT BROWNING.—The inventor of the jig-saw puzzle in verse.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—The poet of English middle-class respectability. Therefore the true poet of the Victorian era.

JOHN MILTON.—Author of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," the second read by nobody, the first only by those who have to; but unhesitatingly pronounced "great" by everybody.

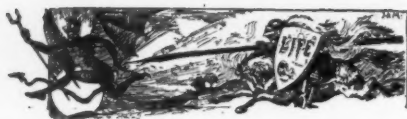
EDGAR ALLAN POE.—One of the few Americans who have escaped being caught in the Haul of Fame.

JOHN BUNYAN.—Author of a book about the only Pilgrim who did not emigrate in the *Mayflower*, and from whom the best families of Boston cannot claim descent.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—The originator of the pipe-dream in literature.

WALT WHITMAN.—Prepared a *catalogue raisonné* of the physical functions under the misapprehension that he was writing poetry.

—Gustav Kobbé.



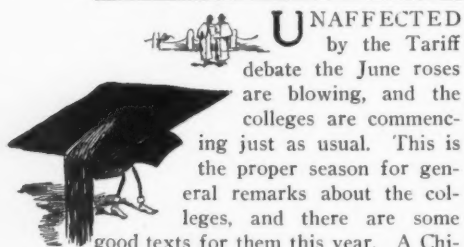
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII JUNE 17, 1909 No. 1390

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



UNAFFECTED by the Tariff debate the June roses are blowing, and the colleges are commencing just as usual. This is the proper season for general remarks about the colleges, and there are some good texts for them this year. A Chicago man who has got rich in building elevators declared the other day that the colleges are a curse, and unfit young men for serious labor, and that State legislatures, instead of voting funds to them, would do better to have them burned up. That is not an opinion that needs to be discussed. Much more worthy of attention are the views of some experts who think that while the colleges are a blessing, they are not so useful a blessing as they should be. The gentleman who, especially, has the floor on this subject this month is Harvard's new president, Mr. Lowell. He has been speaking freely as occasion offered, and everything he has said has got close attention from many readers who are keen to learn what new purposes or theories the new president of Harvard may entertain.

One general intention or desire shows in almost every speech he makes—to get more enthusiastic headwork out of his undergraduates. That is what all the other college presidents want very much to do. Dr. Wilson, of Princeton, has installed some new apparatus to accomplish it (which, we understand, works well) and wants to install much more, but can't at present. All the presidents want to stimulate the interest in scholarship to a point of fervency which shall approach somewhere near the point easily reached in athletics. The young gentlemen observe that success in athletics seems to be remunerative; that efficient athletes

are known and respectfully regarded while in college, and are apt, when they get out, to get good jobs in banks, brokers' offices, railroads or factories, and opportunities to marry likely girls. They don't see anything very remunerative coming promptly to high scholars. The cultivation of the mind is useful to enable a man to live happily and in freedom, without advertisement, or expensive pleasures, or very much money. But the young gentlemen, being new in the world, naturally prefer the advertisement, the pleasures and the money.



AND how does President Lowell expect to detach them from these natural preferences, and make more of them love learning and cleave to scholarship? He has not yet divulged his intentions, except in a very general way, but he has said that he thinks the job that he has put his hand to is the most difficult anywhere in sight. He hopes to work out a more satisfactory scheme of social and mental life for his Freshmen, and he hopes to develop a competition in scholarship between the ablest minds that will compare in importance with the competitions for scholastic honors in the English universities.

It occurs to us that one obstacle to entire success in this latter hope may possibly be the attractiveness to the contemporary American mind of being a college benefactor. Oxford and Cambridge are institutions whereof the benefactors are all dead. Those universities have been rich for centuries. The lawful aim of scholars has been to get as much as possible out of them; the best scholars have got most, and there have been no strings tied to what they got.

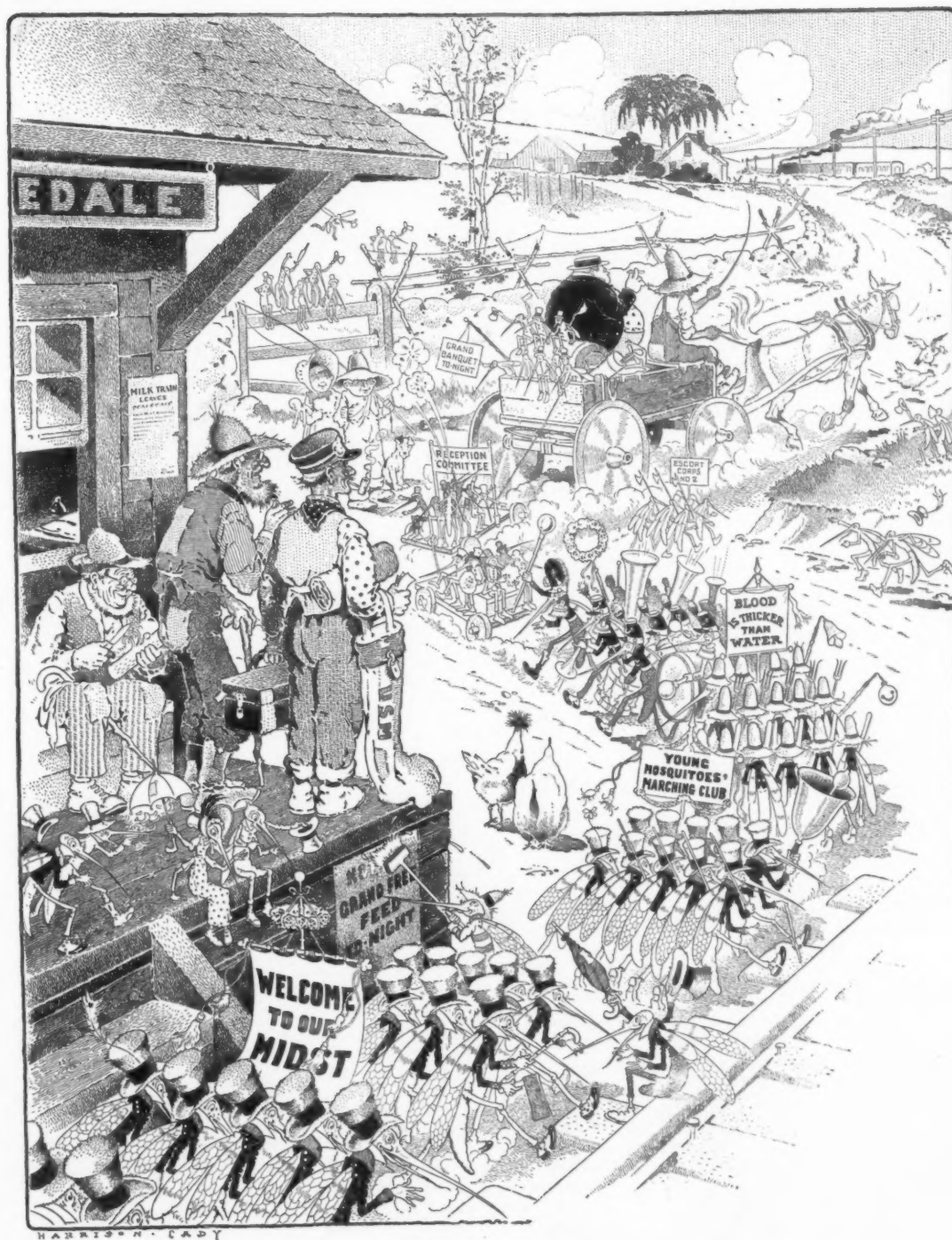
At Harvard and most other American colleges the most honored person is not the scholar who gets the most out of the university, but the graduate who puts the most into it. All the big American universities are hard at it now all the time to get business and to get money. They are in brisk competition for both. Their needs are to draw students from all

over the country so that they won't become local, and then to get the income necessary to teach the students they get. The men that seem most important to them are their organizers and providers. If they have some high scholars, too, so much the better, but high scholars are a luxury. The men they must have are backers with long pockets, organizers and hustlers. They get them—splendid ones; generous, devoted, capable—such engaging specimens of manhood as cannot help but capture the imagination of the extra-able student, and make him say: "That kind, for mine." And so instead of going in for a double-first-class in something, perhaps the extra-able student takes the business course.

And so it looks a little to us as though it was the benefactor's and the organizer's age in our colleges, rather than the scholar's. There is going on in our greater universities a constant and enormous provision of material things—plant, income, embellishment, organization. So long as the need of all that is still imperative, the men who can supply it will stand tallest and look biggest to the boys, and the stimulation of the best minds to feats of competitive scholarship may be uphill work.



BUT let us not worry. "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven." Few men can be up to their eyes in money-getting, organization, expansion and construction, and yet have energy left for intellectual progress. Perhaps a university can, for universities are made up of many men. Nevertheless, when the material side of university-building and growth and maintenance is very, very active, it will not be wonderful if it somewhat overshadows the other side and the scholar looks dwarfed between the organizer and the benefactor. Between organization and the spirit which organization is devised to cherish there is a natural conflict, just as there is between the things of the spirit and the things of the flesh. Yet without the flesh (or the organization) the spirit would have no home. Both have to be sustained, but always with solicitude that the house shall not lose its tenant.



THE FIRST SUMMER BOARDER ARRIVES



A BOSTON LITERARY CLUB

MISS B. READS A PAPER ON "THE DESTRUCTIVE INFLUENCE OF MODERN FICTION ON THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PARENTS."

Still at It

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, district attorney, says:

It is extremely difficult to answer briefly questions relating to highly technical matters so that a layman can understand the reasons why I have acted as I have or refrained from action.

Oh, that's all right. We understand. Only stop explaining for a few minutes and give that poor old reversible, air-cooled, selective type record a chance to be forgotten.

These avalanches of explanation are almost as bad for the public as they are for the record.

R-I-P.



Our Fresh Air Fund

Balance on hand at close of last season	\$6,848.91
Less Marion Story Fund	5,000.00
	\$1,848.91

RECEIVED SINCE LAST STATEMENT	
Golt Stockle	1.55
A further small donation from Almy and Marion; Dorothy and Rita; Margaret and Virginia; Mantolokin, N. J.	1.50
Thos. Smedt	5.00
G. I. Seney	2.50
C. O. L.	5.00
Mrs. John Jacob Astor	100.00
"Cash"	100.00
F. K. Smith	51.03
A. E. Gallatin	100.00
"Willing Workers" Mission Band of the Saugerties Reformed Church	23.00
"Estelle and Thomas"	10.00
"J. L. and P. W."	15.00
"G. M. M."	10.00
	\$2,273.49

Confidential Guide to Cities

PITTSBURG—Millionaires, chorus girls and soot. Music by steel foundries, and an anvil chorus of labor unions. The first stage in money disease, of which the next is upper Fifth avenue and the last Newport.

Chicago—Lake front and prairie back filled with gamblers, anarchists and society leaders. Also the home of the Baptist Church and the Mrs. Potter Palmer society movement. Tank drama, chief part taken by Chicago River. Music by railroads.

Boston—Incubator of religions, home of new thought and projector of New England conscience. Culture, beans and bronchitis constantly on tap. Suffers from Harvarditis during winter months. Also breeding place for psychologists.

Philadelphia—Convenient resting place on the way south. This town was started by William Penn and is now the home of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Resounds with Quakers and slow music. Chief business to keep politicians supplied with cash. Does it.



"LOVE WILL FIND A WAY"



SINCE WE ARE TOO CONSIDERATE TO SUPPRESS THE BLACK HAND, WHY NOT ADOPT IT AS AN EMBLEM?

LIFE'S Great Marathon Race

Hall Caine Tries to Make Trouble, But Is Sternly Repressed

EVERY thing has been moving rapidly toward the consummation of LIFE's Great Marathon, to take place in this city on Thursday. Hall Caine, however, tried to withdraw when he heard the conditions, which, as already announced, were that every contestant should refrain from writing anything for a year.

"It isn't the loss of the money that I object to," wrote Mr. Caine, "but the fact that the British and American publics have come to depend upon me for their morality. If I stop for a year they will degenerate."

Gilbert Chesterton at once called on Mr. Caine and pointed out to him that so far as America was concerned Dr. Lyman Abbott was still writing for the



"DON'T BE AFRAID, TOMMY, IT'S ONLY A WOMAN"

Outlook, and our morals were safe. As for England, the Oscar Wilde vogue was coming to be so acute over there that they could probably worry along on that for a year. Mr. Chesterton then offered to pull out Mr. Caine's whiskers if he put up any more kicks, and Mr. Caine subsided.

Alfred Austin, who is somewhere on the continent, just wired:

"I'll be there. Do you want me to write an ode for the great occasion?"

We immediately cabled back:

"No. Non. Nein. Nay. Not. Nix. Never."

The course has not yet been fully determined upon, but in all probability it will be from Mark Twain's house to LIFE Building.

Elinor Glynn was seen yesterday in her training quarters.

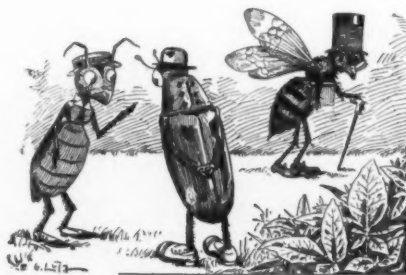
"I am down to fighting weight," she said, "running now easily twelve miles a day. I shall bring this up to fifteen this week, and in another three weeks I expect to do the twenty-six miles, barring accident, in four hours. I may say that I hesitated to go into this race at first. I could see no good in it. I am satisfied now, however, that it has a real moral purpose. It will show to

every one the true condition of us authors, and as long as the truth is told we need not fear the result."

The city is rapidly filling up for the great event. Robert Chambers has engaged the Waldorf for a week. He can be seen training there in the palm room every day.

It looks as though he would give Hall Caine a hard race.

In all probability the race will be pulled off on Thursday, if the weather is good.



"HAS DR. BEE EVER WRITTEN ANY AUTHORITY WORK?"

"OH, YES, HE HAS WRITTEN A TREATISE ON PUNCTURATION."



BLACK SIDE WHISKERS

Then and Now. Illustrating the Growth of a Great Industry



A "BEST SELLER" FACTORY IN ACTIVE OPERATION, AND HOW

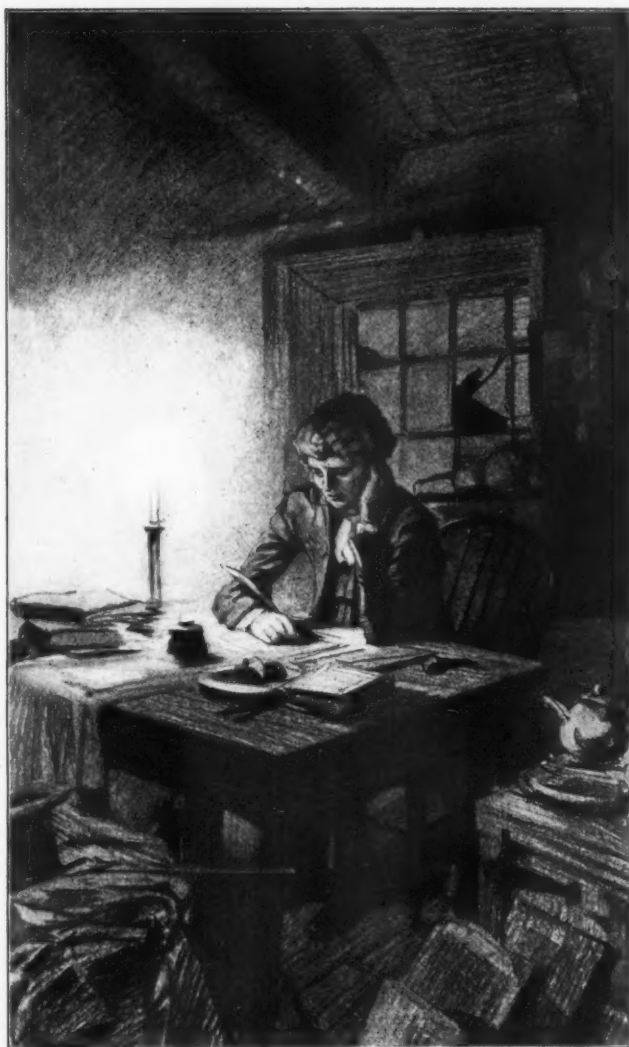
After Reading Henry James

IF, so to speak, no error is involved,
 Such as, unconscious, blurs, at times, the soul,
 I may relate—in fact, 'tis so resolved—
 That (marvel not) I've read "The Golden Bowl,"
 A work whose title orphic is, indeed—
 Ceramic, surely, *not* this writer's theme—
 A bowl is given mention, but the need
 Thereof—the mention, namely—who could dream?
 A bowl, a lady—ah, *two* ladies loom
 Alluring 'mid (what seems but) wispy fog,
 Which, else, had perpetrated merely gloom,

Or left the reader comatose, a log—
 A bowl, two ladies, and, of course, two men,
 The one none other than *one* lady's sire
 And, strange enough, the other's husband—then
Something occurs, perchance bad news by wire,
 The golden bowl is smashed—page three fifteen
 (But what of that? two hundred pages follow)—
 They talk, they ponder—*he* knows what they mean—
 A marvelous work—but mighty hard to swallow!
 —George Jay Smith.

TEACHER: James, what is grammar?

JAMES (*alias Jimmie*): Grammar is the science which
 learns us how to speak correct.



SOME VERY FAIR FICTION WAS TURNED OUT IN DAYS GONE BY

The Author of the Best Seller

MY next book is contracted for. The publisher has just forwarded a check on account.

I am to receive twenty per cent. royalties besides.

It is already being advertised.

The newspaper reviews are in type, too.

I sit at my desk, in my \$30,000 country house.

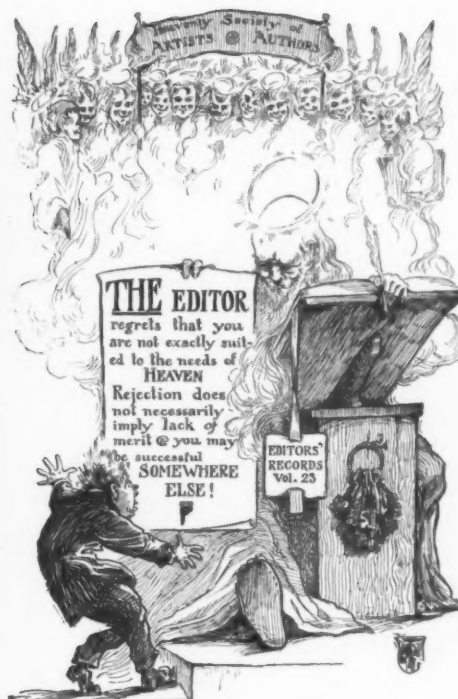
A stenographer is at my elbow. Everything is ready.

I wonder what I shall write about?

—Freeman Tilden.

Wall Street Note

ONE of the best buys in the street just now is Mercury, common. No stock on the market is subject to such violent fluctuations, but authorities agree that its general tendency in the next month or two will be decidedly bullish. It is sure to go to ninety, and perhaps to par or over. This statement is made on the authority of one of the biggest gamblers on the street, Mr. Arthur Mometer.



HIS OWN MEDICINE

Is She a Female Man?

IS woman a female man?

Will the suffragists kindly discuss this interesting question and explore its bearings on the question whether woman ought to vote.

Fifty or sixty years ago the impression prevailed in these parts that the negro was a black white-man. The opinion that prevails now is that the negro is different from the white man in so many important particulars that his color is a matter of minor concern.

Analogously there are many who feel that woman is different from man in such lots of ways that observers who think of her as a mere female man start from wrong premises and are bound, when they argue about her, to reach wrong conclusions.

But whereas the conviction is all but universal that the negro, at this stage of his development, is inferior to the white man, the whole tendency of current thought is in the direction of belief and acknowledgment that woman is the equal of man. But it does not follow that she is equal to all his duties any more than that he is equal to all of hers.

"Better to Endure the Ills We Have"

BOSTON TERRIER: Oh, my friend, we live a dog's life here, and when we cease to exist—what?

DACHSHUND: You will probably become a country sausage, and I an imported frankfurter!

The Busy Bee and How He Spoiled a Great Thought

Drawn by A. B. FROST





12

Deportmental Ditties

BY HARRY GRAHAM

Marriage

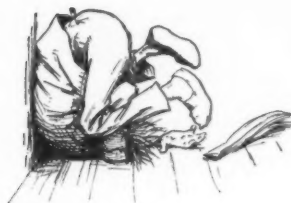
IN the church from crypt to steeple,
Ev'ry inch is occupied;
Ev'ry corner crammed with people
("House Full" boards displayed
outside).
Woman with excitement flushes,
Man attempts to hide his gloom
While another couple rushes
To its doom!

Organist, his fingers flying,
O'er the keyboard till he drops,
(Simultaneously applying,
Swedish massage to the stops)
Tramples wildly on the pedals
With the true-born cyclist's knack,
Which would win him many medals
On a track.

Loud the diapason thunders!
Bridegroom fumbles for the ring
(For the hundredth time he wonders
Where he put the silly thing!)
See, the bride advances, blushing,
With the timidest of smiles,
And the ushers cease from ushering
In the aisles.

Soon the eminent musician
(Like his organ somewhat "blown")
Gives a "masterly rendition"
Of the march of Mendelssohn.
While for seats his hearers leaping,
Stare and chatter all they want,—
Spinster aunts are gently weeping
In the font.

Now, the ceremony ended,
Happy couple drives away;
Crowd outside, with lungs distended,
Give three "Hips" and one "Hoo-
ray!"
And the bride's self-conscious father
Seeks his guests to entertain,
With consumptive quails and rather
Flat champagne.



13



14



15



16

A. B. Frost

Older folks grow retrospective,
By-gone honeymoons recall
(While an ill-disguised detective
Guards the presents in the hall)
Till they see the couple leaving,
Clad in brand-new trav'ling suits,
And facetious friends start heaving
Rice and boots.

MORAL

Bridegroom, though your spirits falter,
Never have recourse to jest.
Jokes about the "marriage Halter"
Are much better unexpressed,
Since you cannot well avoid it,
Bear the function like a man,
And pretend that you've enjoyed it,
If you can.

Bride, be punctual to the minute,
Don't forget the hour and date.
(Though there may be nothing in it,
Gossips talk if you are late.)
In the unforeseen event, too,
Of your vowing to "obey"!
Look as though you really meant to,
Anyway.

The Cause

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for women to maintain that they are as brainy and sensible as anybody, they should look particularly after those of their own number who can't get excited without writing a novel, lest there result sundry documents in hysterics, invidiously calculated to make the ribald smile and the judicious mourn.

The frowns of a Humphry Ward can be borne up under, but the favor of a Marie Corelli is a petard fraught with proverbial possibilities.

Suffrage is bound to win, though. The day is coming when women will be as willing to keep still for the cause as they now are to die for it, so strongly is their zeal destined to grow.

Ramsey Benson.

Wake Up, Doctor!

THE day of blind confidence is drawing to a close. People are beginning to think for themselves. Invalids want humane doctors, and an intelligent public, dissatisfied with drugging and surgical results, are investigating some more successful methods disconnected with and independent of animal serums and animal torment.—K. G., in *New York Herald*.

One Less Noise

NEW YORK has been appreciably quieter since the head of the Society for the Prevention of Noise sailed for Europe.

How to Meet a Literary Lady



THE question as to how to act when one meets a literary lady is constantly growing in importance as the number of literary ladies increases.

Two courses are plainly open. You can acknowledge at the start that you are absolutely ignorant, thus throwing yourself upon her mercy. Or you can hide your ignorance as best you may by as many glittering generalities as you can collect at such short notice. Each method has its obvious disadvantages.

By the first you naturally awaken in the heart—assuming for purposes of convenience that literary ladies have hearts—of your companion a sense of pity and sympathy for your unfortunate condition. She is apt to forgive you much, of course, on the ground that you are a man. This is always a palliative measure—a sort of refuge. But there are even some things a mere man is supposed to know. As he rushes by the news-stands on his way back and forth from his office, he is bound to learn the titles of some books, and in his paper, if properly vigilant, he may with ordinary intelligence extract some knowledge from the weekly book reviews. If, then, you declare your ignorance even of all this—you may easily go too far, and receive a measure of contempt instead of commiseration.

The second method is much the safer. Indeed, on a meagre basis of actual knowledge, one may build up a reputation with a literary lady not to be despised.

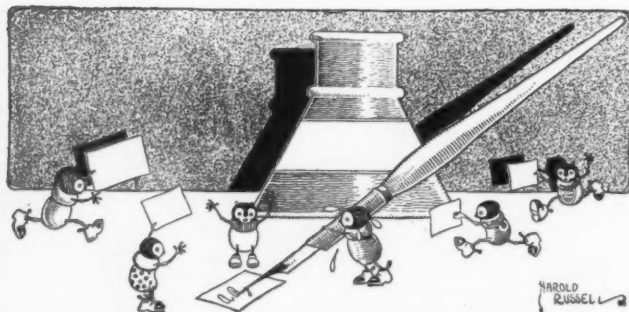
Oftentimes it is well to take the initiative. Ask her bluntly if she has read the latest work on Esoteric Buddhism? If she hasn't—and she will be obliged to confess this—you have an advantage at the start.

Many a young and promising man, however, has been ruined by pressing this advantage too hard in the beginning. Over-confident, he has gone on, only to be tripped up at some fatal inattentive moment. Once a young chap of my acquaintance got on swimmingly until, with reckless abandon, he asked the lady if she had read all of Adam Bede's works.

The safe way, therefore, is to be modest in your progress, not over-aggressive, and with a certainty that you are perfectly safe in giving the impression that you know ten times as much as you really do, provided you steer clear of actual names and dates.

Now, the etiquette of approaching a literary lady is quite simple.

Assuming that all the young and handsome women in the



Author Bug: MY! I WISH I WASN'T SO POPULAR; THESE AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET.



THE BOOK BROOK

I chatter, chatter as I flow,
To join the brimming river.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

room have been preëmpted, and this is the only course left open, saunter up gracefully and say:

"Good evening. I was reading the other day a little anecdote about our dear old Henry James."

Tell any story you please, so long as you can fit Henry into it, and you are quite safe.

After this you have only to look wise, shake your head gravely and make an occasional observation.

By and by, when you have succeeded in tearing yourself away, the literary lady will stroll over to your hostess and say, "What a bright fellow he is. Such a pity that a man like that should have chosen a business career!"

T. L. M.

Tremendous Thought

OBSERVING that King Edward had won the Derby, the Springfield Republican speaks up to say that no President of the United States could "gain in popular favor by winning for the White House stables the blue ribbon of the turf."

Perhaps not. No President has ever gone in for horse-racing while in office.

But wouldn't you like to see what the political effect would be if Governor Hughes won the Suburban?

Wireless

IN all its purity
Leaving no mark
Out of obscurity
Only a spark
Flashed to futurity
Cleaving the dark.

Lightning's celerity
Swifter than wind
Harnessed in verity
Caught and confined
Boon to posterity
Help to mankind.

—Francis Livingston Montgomery.

Sunday in the Jungle

THERE is another interesting question of Sabbath observance before the country besides the one that concerns the pleasures of the multitude at Coney Island. It seems—maybe it isn't true, but it seems—that Mr. Roosevelt, on a recent Sunday, sallied into the jungle and killed a lady rhinoceros. A Baltimore clergyman, who admires and extols Mr. Roosevelt, rebukes him for this untimely exploit. The minister says he ought to have stayed in camp; that he had all the week to hunt in and had no valid excuse for hunting on Sunday, and that he should have considered the effect of his example on the young men of the land.

The details that have come to hand are very meagre. Maybe Mr. Roosevelt was out walking in the jungle with a gun for his protection, and the rhino charged him. Maybe he feels that big game hunting is a form of war, and its opportunities have to be improved when they offer, Sunday or no Sunday.

We should be glad to learn what was the Rev. Dr. Rainsford's practice in this matter, and whether he laid by on Sunday when he was hunting in Mom basa. Dr. Lyman Abbott also should



A.B. WALKER.

"WHO'S THE GOOD-LOOKING CHAP WITH JONES?"

"HIS SISTER."

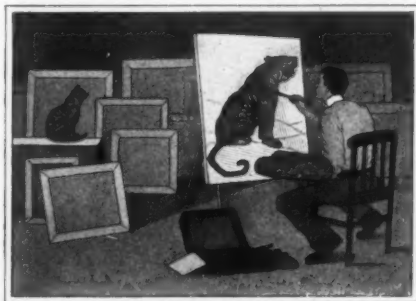
have an opinion about him somewhere that would be of interest.

Our own notion is that while Sunday is an exceeding valuable institution and worth protecting to a considerable extent by law, there is very little absolute right or absolute wrong about its observance, the details of which depend upon locality, expediency and custom. We suppose Mr. Roosevelt did not play tennis on Sunday on the White House grounds, and that he would not go out hunting rhinos on Sunday at Oyster Bay. That was partly because he didn't want to and partly because he was tender of the feelings of others. When we play tennis or hunt rhinos on Sunday we prefer to do it in a retired place where our occupation will not offend the sentiments of persons

who have different views from ours about Sunday observance. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have done as much in Africa. Apparently he went into the jungle, a place of great retirement, and popped off the rhino just as privately as he could.

That is all that could be asked of him. Whether he should have waited till Monday morning is a question that must be left to his own judgment. Sunday ought to be just as free and useful a day as possible. Everybody should enjoy, in so far as laws go, the freest use of it that is consistent with the free, beneficial and orderly use of it by other folks.

OFTEN the trouble with gilt-edge securities is that's where all the gilt is located.



"WILD ANIMALS I HAVE SEEN"
Illustrated by the Author

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LIE.



ATURE OF MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

LIFE'S Guide to Summer Reading

A FRIEND who had just spent the better part of a week upon a flood-bound train in Arkansas recently confided to me that, next to a tin box of Nabisco wafers and three bananas, the most cherished possession of the small fraternity in his sleeping car was the voluminous bill-of-fare of a Broadway restaurant that a lady from Little Rock was taking home with her as a souvenir. He estimated that during the five days of their incarceration they had ordered from it at least six thousand five hundred dollars' worth of Barmicide meals and had contracted a gastronomic curiosity that it would take them a year to satisfy. The subjoined literary menu is offered to the readers of LIFE with an eye to like, if less direful, contingencies. It has been carefully selected. It includes the best that the markets of the past twelve months have had to offer. And, if you should cut it out and carry it with you on summer travels, it may, in some unexpected crisis, keep hope alive by feeding the imagination.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Menu

HORS-D'OEUVRES

THE LETTERS OF JENNIE ALLEN TO HER FRIEND MISS MUSGROVE, by Grace Donworth. (*Small, Maynard and Company.*)

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD? by Mark Twain. (*Harper and Brothers.*)

THE GENTLE GRAFTER, by O. Henry. (*The McClure Company.*)

THE HERMIT AND THE WILD WOMAN, by Edith Wharton. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

SALVAGE, by Owen Seaman. (*Henry Holt and Company.*)

STICKEEN, by John Muir. (*Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*)

BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE, by Samuel McChord Crothers. (*Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*)

THE DIARY OF A SHOW GIRL, by Grace Luce Irwin. (*Moffat, Yard and Company.*)

THE WOLFVILLE FOLKS, by Alfred Henry Lewis. (*D. Appleton and Company.*)

FISH

BIG GAME AT SEA, by Charles Frederick Holder. (*The Outing Publishing Company.*)

ENTRÉES

ARAMINTA, by J. C. Snaith. (*Moffat, Yard and Company.*)

THE ACTRESS, by Louise Closser Hale. (*Harper and Brothers.*)

ARKINSAW COUSINS, by J. Breckenridge Ellis. (*Henry Holt and Company.*)

THE GREAT MISS DRIVER, by Anthony Hope. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

LOADED DICE, by Ellery H. Clark. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*)

THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, by Mary Roberts Rhinehart. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*)

SAPHO IN BOSTON. Anonymous. (*Moffat, Yard and Company.*)

JOINTS

THE HEART OF A CHILD, by Frank Danby. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

HALF WAY HOUSE, by Maurice Hewlett. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

LEWIS RAND, by Mary Johnston. (*Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*)

SOMEHOW GOOD, by William de Morgan. (*Henry Holt and Company.*)

THE POST GIRL, by Edward C. Booth. (*The Century Company.*)

THE THREE BROTHERS, by Eden Phillpotts. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

TONO-BUNGAY, by H. G. Wells. (*Duffield and Company.*)

GAME—IN SEASON

TOGETHER, by Robert Herrick. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

DAVID BRAN, by Morley Roberts. (*L. C. Page and Company.*)

THE IMMORTAL MOMENT, by May Sinclair. (*Doubleday, Page and Company.*)

FRATERNITY, by John Galsworthy. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons.*)

SALADS

THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY, by G. K. Chesterton. (*Dodd, Mead and Company.*)

OVER BEMERTON'S, by E. V. Lucas. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, by Kenneth Graham. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

SWEETS

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES, by L. M. Montgomery. (*L. C. Page and Company.*)

CY WHITAKER'S PLACE, by Joseph C. Lincoln. (*D. Appleton and Company.*)

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, by John Fox, Jr. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

DISHES TO ORDER

THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY, by Walter Prichard Eaton. (*Small, Maynard and Company.*)

CHAPTERS OF OPERA, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. (*Henry Holt and Company.*)

PSYCHOTHERAPY, by Hugo Munsterberg. (*Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*)

THOMAS CHATTERTON, by Charles Edward Russell. (*Moffat, Yard and Company.*)

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND, by A. Lawrence Lowell. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

G. K. CHESTERTON, an Anonymous Critique. (*The John Lane Company.*)

THE LIFE OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, by Elizabeth and Joseph Pennell. (*The J. B. Lippincott Company.*)

A PRINCESS OF INTRIGUE, THE BIOGRAPHY OF ANNE GENEVIEVE DE BOURBON, DUCHESSE DE LONGUEVILLE (1619-1679), by H. Noel Williams. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons.*)

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE NOVEL, by Charles F. Horne. (*Harper and Brothers.*)





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THE RIGHT TIME



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Heckling

Confronting that great mob he stood, a picture grand to see;
The questions burst about his head, but all undaunted he!

Up spake a cruel Heckler then: "O laggard one!" he cried,
"Why have you put no crooks in jail, and never even tried?"

"My answer," said the Noble One, in tones that all might hear,
"Is, What astounding weather for such weatherous time of year!"

"But tell," another Heckler said, "why can't you find the time,
When evidence is in your hands, to punish flagrant crime?"

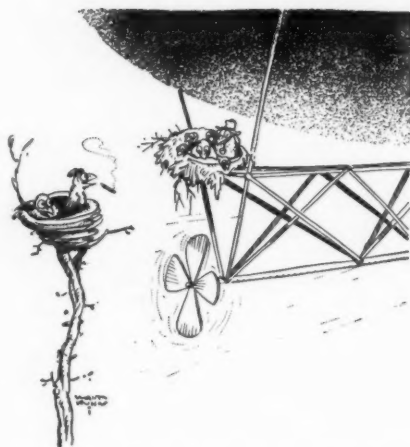
"My answer is"—the words came clear and sharp above the din—
"If Donlin were in center field do you suppose we'd win?"

"But say," cried Heckler number three, "who put the money up
For your campaign, and why do you with male-factors sup?"

"I make reply," the Hero said, "resorting to no tricks,
Do you prefer four cylinders or do you favor six?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" his friends all cried, as round his feet they ran,
"He's answered all, and now he stands a Vindicated Man!"

—Paul West, in *New York World*.



"OH, ARABELLA, LOOK QUICK! THERE'S A GYPSY FAMILY GOING BY!"

Just in Time

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I aindt hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"—*Lippincott's*

Cheering Him Up

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreat, yer know. Don't get down-earted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: Wot 'a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!"—*London Globe*.

A Comparison to Hand

Pertinent was the rebuke administered by a police magistrate, who is a keen horseman, to a bluejacket who had been using his liberty more for the benefit of sundry saloon-keepers than himself.

"You men," said the judge, "earn your money like horses and spend it like asses!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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YELLOWSTONE PARK
Season June 5 to Sept. 25

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June 1 to Oct. 16

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You can tell
a Blatz
Bottle a
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Good Old Blatz.

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The town car you will eventually buy

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Song

Now sing a song of summertime.
And raise a joyful shout—
The season of the speckled boy
And of the freckled trout.

—Lippincott's.

All the Difference

Among the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city, whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course, it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either!"—Lippincott's.

A MATRON of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"—Argonaut.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Washington, Ottawa

31

MARK TWAIN

Then up spoke the only Mark Twain,
"The crowning reforms of my reign
Are white clothes outdoors,
At home 'RAD-BRIDGE' scores,
From other reforms I abstain."

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



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Sole Agents for United States.

From the Text

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "are a shilling and a penny. You can put which you please in the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church.

Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way. The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a shilling, so I put the penny in."—Tit-Bits.

The Right Address

A young New York broker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.

"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!"—Everybody's.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Swinburne

Down at Harper's a group of literary men were discussing the death of Swinburne. "His wit was of the subtlest kind," said Colonel Harvey, who had met the poet on various occasions in London. "I attended a dinner once at which Swinburne was present. Seated next to him was a titled Briton of the type we are so fond of caricaturing—a drawling, fat-headed noodle. With an air of great condescension he turned to Swinburne and said:

"Aw, Mr. Swinburne, I passed your house the other day."

"Did you, indeed?" replied the poet, with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "I am delighted to hear it. Thank you, so much!"—The Wasp.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

A Rose Trust

D. BROKE, '12: Send a dozen roses to this address.

SALESMAN: Yes, sir.

D. B.: Will you trust me?

S.: Certainly.

D. B.: Then make it two dozen.—Lampoon.

MOSIE was a typhoid convalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurse tickled him playfully under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish!" said the nurse, laughing.

"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanishing, "I'm Yiddish."—Everybody's Magazine.

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The Literary Zoo

A Contribution to Current Literary Criticism

This seems to be a suitable time to report on a question which I have long had under investigation. The question is: Who wrote Mark Twain's works?

At first sight it might seem a perfectly simple matter to answer this query. So it is, if one is willing childishly to accept everything at its face value. But the more we consider the difficulties the more improbable it becomes that that whole long row of books, bound in red buckram, and covering every subject below the skies—history, criticism, propaganda, fiction (Christian) science—from jumping frogs to Joan of Arc, was ever written by any one man. Then, when we look at the current superstition, that this one man is the jolly old chap in the pajamas, Mr. Clemens, in short, the improbability immediately takes on the air of impossibility. Also a color of absurdity. In fact, it is the biggest joke in the whole set of forty volumes.

Here is a man who has never been to Harvard or Cornell or Michigan or any other college, has never used a college yell or an examination pony, who has had no education in law, theology, literary or agricultural pursuits, and yet we are asked to believe that he wrote all that miscellaneous library in red buckram. Why, it is three times as much as Shakespeare wrote, it covers a much more diverse line of subjects, and some of it is better than the worst of Shakespeare's stuff, and yet many people think that Shakespeare's works had a dubious parentage.

A detailed examination of these books marked with the Mark Twain pseudonym very soon shows that they were written by several different men. It is apparent, even to the densest mind, that these various pseudonymous anonymous works were brought together by an enterprising publisher and put out under a good-selling *nom-de-plume*.

The earlier works, including *Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It*, were written by Mr. Clemens himself. That's plain. They have his style. They correspond with his experience. They show what he can do, and so indicate clearly that many of the other productions are from other hands. *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Life on the*

For those who want to know which tires to buy

a day of demonstration is worth a year of argumentation



A scarred and mud splashed car, checking in with a clean score at the end of an endurance contest tells a story of tire superiority more convincing than pages of technical description. Tire troubles mean delays which must be made up in the running time, thus putting an extra strain on tires, driver and car.... With poor tires the best car built cannot escape penalization.

In the big Endurance Contests of 1909, as in the years before

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have been the equipment of the majority of the winners. The detailed story of their performance in the Pike's Peak Climb; the Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Detroit Endurance Runs and other events under rigorous conditions of road and weather, is your assurance that Goodrich Tires give the best service in the world.

For instance, in the Harrisburg run 25 Goodrich Tires started 25 finished. They carried the only car that came through without tire change, equipped the winner and suffered no blow-outs as against 9 blow-outs of other makes. Three times as many punctures were recorded against other makes as against Goodrich Tires.

In the Detroit Run, Goodrich Tires equipped 7 of 17 starters and 6 of the 7 clean score finishers! Two of the cars came through without so much as a puncture in the 4 days grind. The Press car suffered 4 blow-outs the first day and 2 the second on two sets of different makes until they changed to Goodrich Tires when they had no trouble.

You may not be interested in the reasons for these results; - in the peculiarly tough composition of the Goodrich White Tread; the shock-resisting qualities of the Goodrich Specially Treated Fabric, or the strength of Goodrich Integral Construction.... But a Road Record which includes four Glidden Tours and the most gruelling contests of recent years is an adequate measure of merit - which he who rides may read.



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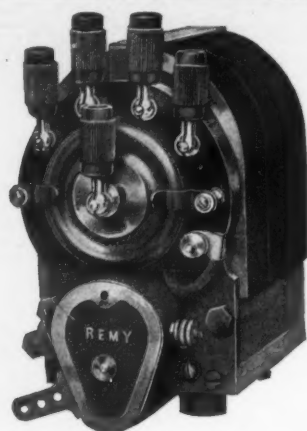
George A. Cullen,
General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad
Dept. 18, 90 West Street,
New York City



Mississippi are evidently drawn also from the experience of Mr. Clemens; but the literary style indicates the collaboration of some better trained writer. I have tried hard to uncover the identity of this collaborator; but as yet I have only certain surmises, which I will not report without confirmation.

The next group we may consider includes *The Connecticut Yankee*, *Prince and Pauper*, etc. These were evidently written by some New England author and not by any Nevada miner or Mississippi boatman. I am inclined to believe that the late Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was the veritable man; but it is well known that Mr. Warner was greatly averse to any puzzles or

(Continued on page 860)



Two Largest Magneto Contracts

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 859)

acrostics, and so he did not leave those marks of authorship.

The historical work, especially *Joan of Arc*, I attribute to Col. Henry Watterson. In fact, it is possible to bring convincing proof of this hypothesis. The book on Christian Science was plainly written by Mr. Alfred Farlow, largely with a view to advertising and increasing the sales of *Science and Health*. In this case the proof is as ample as it is simple. The incontrovertible acrostics are on almost every page. Finally we may notice a group of picturesque antivivisection papers. These were obviously produced by the editor of *LIFE*, whose genial prejudice on this subject is well known.

Of course, it is easy to say that Mark Twain is Mr. Clemens, and Mr. Clemens is Mark Twain.

It is doubtless true as far as it goes. It is easy to say that Mr. Clemens *might* have written all that stuff. So Shakespeare *might* have written *King John*, Mrs. Eddy *might* have written *Science and Health*, Peltiah Webster *might* have written the Constitution of the United States, Moses *might* have written the *Pentateuch*, or Elbert Hubbard *might* have written Dewitt Talmage's sermons; but the question is, *did* they?

For instance, you want a book on a biographical or historical subject. You look about for a good hack to produce the MS. Then you turn loose in the library two candidates. One is a trained historian and investigator. He has grown gray in the stock room. His very clothes smell of books. He has all information and all methods at his finger tips. The other man is a reformed miner, a newspaper reporter and a steamboat pilot. By and by when the biography or the history is printed and proves to be good you can of course guess that the steamboat pilot wrote it. He was shut up in the library with the other man. Nobody saw the thing done. Patriotism, sentiment and good comradeship lead us to vote for the steamboat man. We do it because he's our kind and we like him. But would a scientific, unprejudiced, calm and honest view of the case lead to any such conclusion? Not much.

F. A. Waugh.

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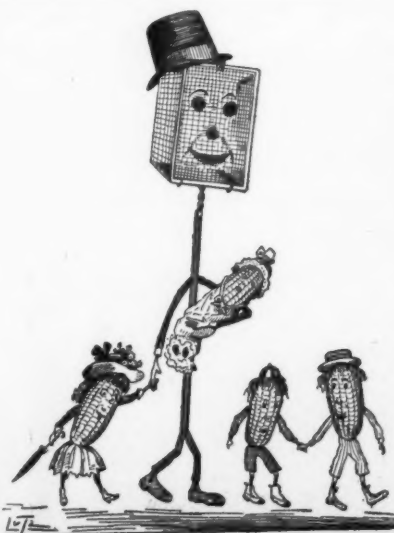
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"They say he has gone crazy over his automobile."

"I have seen him a number of times on the road when he was crazy under it."—*Judge*.

ON the morning of the entertainment his mother suggested that he should take his little sister, about four years old, with him. He hung his head.

"Don't you want to take her?" his mother asked.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Why not?"

"'Cause there ain't none of the other fellers has to bring their children," was the reply.—*Youth's Companion*.



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From Our Readers

The Navy

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear, dear LIFE:—It would be exceeding my fondest expectations were you to continue the wrangle relative to doctors in the navy by publishing this fulmination against the very lay mind of P. H. B., as exhibited in your issue of last week. His argument, nevertheless, is proof enough of its worth in your pages, since it is quaintly humorous.

Humor, however, is often contrary to truth. And to the very lay mind of your self-confessed landlubber a few grains of fact sowed in a mind of fancy might not be displeasing, for he evidences a commendable desire for information. Which of the right sort he lacks.

Under the present conditions in the navy there is as much reason for a line officer commanding a hospital afloat as there would be for a professor of mathematics in charge of one ashore. The duties of a hospital ship are anything but naval, in the lay sense of the word. She is essentially a non-combatant, has no independent duty requiring peculiar diplomatic talent, but is designed for the treatment and care of the sick

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only. She becomes a necessary component of a fleet, though in action or in maneuvers she avoids the line of battle, and to a good purpose. This very obviously.

The obtundity of the lay mind is often startling. Now, why should a line officer, did he possess either brains or ability, desire to command a hospital ship? Certainly for no laudable professional reasons. In fact, a great many line officers of the navy have openly expressed their unwillingness to command such a ship, since that duty would be beneath the dignity of their calling as line officers, and quite unprofessional. Not that the command of a hospital ship is, *per se*, *infra dig.*, but that a line officer's duties, in these days of monster armaments, would weigh him from his legitimate work in the service.

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in command of naval hospitals ashore some years back is proof enough of the advisability of the move. The acknowledged usefulness and management of the *Relief* (commanded by Surgeon Stokes, U. S. N.), on her trip with the battleship fleet, should be logic enough to convince a lay mind that an officer, to manage a hospital, must not necessarily be a diplomatist, but a doctor.

To you, dear LIFE, I offer my sincere apologies for the intrusion of these bald facts.

Ever in sincerity,
K. C. BEIGH.

BOSTON, MASS., May 23, 1909.

The Voice of Authority

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—I am glad to see the republication in LIFE, for May 27, of the heart-waking illustra-

tion of what happens with multitudinous duplication every Fourth of July from the mixture of explosives and youthful inexperience. Black gunpowder, dynamite, nitroglycerine and fulminate are altogether too dangerous for use as toys for children.

Yours faithfully,
HUDSON MAXIM.

May 27, 1909.

College Education

DEAR LIFE:

An article entitled "College Education," presumably from the pen of one Ellis O. Jones, in the College Number of your estimable magazine, strikes me as being particularly offensive to the college man or woman. Surely the writer bases his opinions on the "rah-rah boy" of humorous literature, or is particularly soured on the college (Continued on page 862)

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(Continued from page 861)

world, due perhaps to the inability to absorb what he should have during his own course in college, or his failure to withstand the elimination which discriminating college men make of their weaker fellow-students.

Of what consequence to society, pray tell, is "what the live Greek is doing in the shoe-shining emporiums of our large cities" as compared to the words of some learned Athenian, some of whose utterances may be the very foundations of our modern philosophy? Again, "modern Roman railroad construction crews" present no field for valuable study or research, nor do they present any great social problem to be solved.

"How to correct conjugal irregularities?" In answer to that, how to abolish temper and misunderstanding? One is akin to the other, and as the latter is impossible it is logical that the other is too, and hence unworthy of study, from the simple fact that we know it is impractical to attempt to do away entirely with temper. A college education, moreover, teaches one to control himself, if anything does, and if it is a question of reducing conjugal irregularities, the very reducing agent is found in that which Mr. Jones condemns.

Education "knows but very little of the life of the cave-dwellers of modern tenements." What of the courses in sociology included in the

curriculum of almost every college worthy of the name? What of the trips of students in these courses to the very plague spots of congestion in the lower East Side of New York City or the slums of Chicago, or of any large city, in the study of this problem, and the search for a remedy? What of our model tenements, originated and planned by college men; of our tenement house commissioners, largely college men? A few men cannot accomplish everything. Even a little work toward the end in view counts, and these men have done more than a little work. Yet education knows little of tenement life!

Education "pays no attention to the gall manifested by our frenzied financial Caesars." How about the courses in political economy? Do they not teach of corporate wealth, capital, etc.? But theory is not all. How about the men who are after these wealthy criminals? Look up their records, Mr. Jones, and see how many of these men actually engaged in prosecuting corporations are college men.

Does the educated man know nothing about the graft in removing the snow from Broadway? Who attacked the graft of the New York Street Cleaning Department with characteristic vigor? "Big Bill" Edwards, a famous Princeton football player. And he did more than attack it. He solved the intricacies of the system, and brought to light the human parasites. Truly, the removal of snow is done by contract, and not under the supervision of the Department of Street Cleaning, but this is only an instance of what the educated man had done along similar lines.

So, education has no time for the real present, eh? As a final instance, let Mr. Jones learn of the civic and political clubs of all great colleges and universities. Of mock presidential elections held by undergraduates, of the campaign work of the same students. Then ask him to reiterate his statements.

Of course no body of people is faultless. There are many scholars whose whole lives are wrapped up in musty tomes. There are many college men who are dismal failures. But is it the fault of a college education, or of the man himself? Other than college men might do the same work that I have mentioned as being done by educated men, but why don't they? The daily paper with its baseball score, and an easy chair at home, is as far as the every-day man gets toward worrying about, or working over, live, up-to-date, vital problems. In direct opposition to Mr. Jones, I say that the modern college education, far from making a man a student of dusty classics, makes him a real, live, intelligent citizen. The college man working on social problems is working for a cause, and not for a monetary consideration, too.

C. F. B.

AMHERST, MASS., May 18, 1909.

Aroused Curiosity

"Beg pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just registered. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk, calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."—*Chicago News.*



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The Matter with Montaigne

WE had always supposed that if there was anything seriously wrong with the late Michel Eyquem, Sieur de Montaigne, it was that—like Rudyard Kipling's Bimi—he had "too much ego in his cosmos." But this, it now appears, does not sufficiently explain the underlying skepticism of the *Essays*. "We cannot understand him," insists Dr. Raymond Delacroix, in a paper contributed to the course in "literary pathology" at the University of Lyons, "until we know that his work was that of a sick man."

It is quite true that Montaigne suffered from the stone and other internal maladies, and that he finally succumbed to the quinsy at the untimely age of 59; but, as if to anticipate the modern *post-mortem*, he had the ironic impudence to leave a mass of writings in which mere literary critics have professed to see an unexampled store of practical wisdom and shrewd counsel. The inventor and most brilliant exemplar of the essay has had a horde of indifferent imitators—many of them rejoicing in robust physical health, and bursting at the seams with optimism. Is it possible that a little pain might have quickened their sensibilities; that an acquaintance with grief, sensitized by bodily suffering manfully borne, might have atoned for deficiency of imagination? Perhaps, if the balance were struck, it would appear that the invalids of letters have

given a more complete account of life than that recorded by their perfectly normal brethren. It is time that some one said a word for the sound mind in the unsound body.

The theories of Dr. Delacroix—who sees in Montaigne a tendency to neurasthenia inherited from the Semitic strain on the maternal side—recall the discovery by an "eminent psychologist" of Toulouse that the genius of the great chemist, M. Berthelot, was accounted for by a marsh fever at the age of five, followed by a blow on the head two years later. The obvious impracticability of producing genius according to this formula need not blind us to the value of such discoveries as a means of regulating the symptoms. Had Montaigne only submitted to medical treatment in good time, it seems quite possible that it would be unnecessary to issue his essays in expurgated form. His habit of wandering from his subject—the characteristic incoordination of his themes and titles, as in the "Verses of Virgil"—would never have led the innocent mind astray had he been properly bled, pillled and purged. For lack of a little strychnia he rambled and he rambled. When a man has "What's the use?" for his motto, what can medical science do for him?

That was the matter with Montaigne—not merely his inherited neurasthenic disposition, but, as he unblushingly avows, his "hereditary contempt" for medicine. "I always despise it," he wrote, "and when I am sick, instead of recanting or entering into composition with it, I begin yet more to hate and fear it. . . . I let Nature work." And again: "In the maladies I have had, were there never so little difficulty in the case, I never found three (physicians) of one opinion."

There is more and worse of such maunderings scattered through the pages of the *Essays*. As we turn the leaves, a light breaks upon us. Why

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this autopsy, three hundred years after Montaigne's taking off, "without medical attendance"?—for so he died. It is an inquest that savors of reprisal. To take its findings soberly, as a sincere summing up by a scientific Frenchman, would be still a greater strain on credibility. Dr. Delacroix is doubtless an expert physiological psychologist, who can tell housemaid's knee from simple hysteria at a glance; but the question arises, Would he know literature with the label off? He may be "up" in his profession; he may, as he affirms, know, when he sees it, "a clear case of arthritis, manifesting itself in renal lithiasis and nephritic colic." But what is his taste in essays? Would he prefer Arthur Brisbane to H. W. Mabie, Mr. Bok to Mr. Benson, Lowell of Cambridge to Lawson of Boston? Does he think magazine poetry is normal? Has he read Upton Sinclair? We should like to see him qualify before he goes around kicking holes in our idols. What are his canons of criticism? He may be an authority in France; but we are from Missouri, and he'll have to show us.

W. T. LARNED.

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Our Book Reviews

(As They Are Did)

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Dictionary, by Noah Webster. This is a long story by a new author. We imagine the title is intended to be facetious; if not, it is a sad misnomer, for the diction is anything but airy. Mr. Webster has a regrettable penchant for words that are obsolete and uncommon; and loses no opportunity for introducing them into the thread of his story. For this reason a book that might have been pleasant reading for a summer afternoon is but a tiresome affair. Mr. Webster has much to learn. One of these is that the day of erotic literature is past; there are some paragraphs in his book that will exclude it from the family circle. The illustrations, of which the book contains many, are spirited and really illustrate the text, which is more than we can say of the work of some of our illustrators.

Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan. This book of travels—and who does not write a book of travels in these days?—does not begin to compare, in brightness and veracity, with the similar work, *A Tramp Abroad*, by Twain. Even Landon has done the agony of travel better. Mr. Bunyan might at least have chosen a more agreeable field, if he was bound to inflict travels upon us. If the work is fiction (and we imagine Mr. Bunyan has a rather fictional mentality), it is worse, for in that case the adventures are plagiarized. Henry Seton Merriman, George Barr McCutcheon and Max Pemberton originated these same incidents long ago.

Poems, by Robert Burns. This little book of 694 pages causes us once more to ask, "Where are the poets?" By this we mean the real poets, like those of old; poets like Bliss Carman and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. We admit that Mr. Burns is a clever versifier. He has the knack of putting his thoughts into rhymed words, and has a certain swing that is not displeasing, but he never reaches the great heights. But, after all, *E pluribus publico; pro bono unum*; we should be thankful for small poets in these matter-of-fact days. Many of the poems in this volume will be recognized as having appeared in the

newspapers. We hardly think these have sufficient depth to deserve preservation between covers. Especially is this true of the dialect poems. Of these, while admitting that they are dialect we may ask, "But are they poems?"

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. Here we have another of Miss Finnerty's (for everyone now sees through the thin disguise of her pen name) dashing tales of love and adventure. We are informed that this novel has already gone to press seventy-eight times and the sales aggregate 940,000 copies. For ten years it has been included in the "six best sellers of the month." The new edition prepared for the Christmas demand contains sixteen full-page illustrations of girls by Christy, in color. While these have no connection with the characters of the story they add materially to the beauty of the book.

The Intellectual Development of Europe, by Draper. Every father of a family will welcome this new book for boys by the author of "Tom the Topmast Lad," etc. The plot tells of a young lad, Europe, who is born poor and ignorant, with nothing to his name but climates, isothermal lines, mean temperatures and geographical features, but who, in spite of many hardships and after many adventures, reaches the summit of intellectual supremacy and wealth. The sales in Boston have already reached phenomenal proportions and last month the book stood at the head of the list of those most frequently called for in the juvenile department of the public library.

Ben Blair, by Will Lillibridge. This is one of those deep studies of human nature as exemplified

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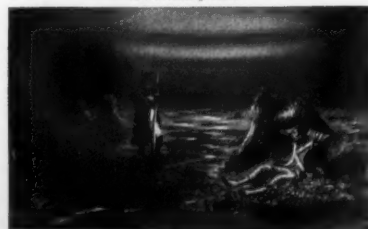
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

in American life that have rendered the works of this writer the favorites of that small but select circle that still calls for the best in literature. The book, judged by the standards of modern, "big selling" fiction, lacks plot and action, perhaps, but the masterly manner in which the characters are developed will please that select coterie whose idols are Howells, James, Meredith and Corelli. The book, as a whole, is somewhat like the "House of Mirth." It is about the same size and is printed in black ink on white paper. In other ways it differs from "The House of Mirth," which is an advantage, for if it was exactly like it either Mrs. Wharton or Mr. Lillibridge would be accused of plagiarism.

Essays on Nature and Culture, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. We are always glad to welcome a new book from this crisp and spicy pen. In this volume, especially, lucidity and simplicity reach a climax. There is a joyous flash and sparkle to these essays, like the rippling of a shallow but bubbling mountain brook. Just the book for a tired brain that needs relaxation. Perhaps, in seeking lucidity, the author has gone a bit too far, touching his subject too lightly and skipping from flower to flower (or should we say, in view of the title of the book, from flower to cerebrum), too thoughtlessly, too flittingly! But we would not have him dig deeper. These

(Continued on page 865)

"The Emperor"



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THIS famous water color facsimile in ten colors of a Parquer masterpiece, "The Emperor," is an exact reproduction in full color of the original now on exhibition at the Grand Salon, Paris. It is 12 x 9, mounted ready for framing, and represents a famous incident in Napoleon's military career. This edition is limited and is only made to introduce our water color reproductions of famous masterpieces. With each picture we send a complete description and history of the original painting in booklet form. Send \$2 today for this picture, and if you are not satisfied, or if you can purchase it at retail for double the price, return it to us and we will refund your money.

Colonial Art Company
1151 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Our Book Reviews

(Continued from page 864)

skimmings of the milk of imagination; these pleasing phantasies of the mind; these delicate, crystalline dew-drops of passing fancy, are delightful.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Our War with Spain, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The Red Mit, a novel, by Cyrus T. Brady.

How to Sew on Buttons, by C. T. Brady.

Tom Sawyer, a book for boys, by Mr. Brady.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, by Rev. C. Townsend Brady.

Little Nell, a book for girls, by Brady, C. T.

History of the World, 14 vols., by Rev. Mr. C. T. Brady.

History of the Universe, 44 vols., by General C. T. Brady.

Tiny Tots, a book for babies, by Cy. Brady.

The Sea Wolf, by Jack London.

The Red Wolf, by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The Green Wolf, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

How to Collect Wolves, by N. Hudson Moore.

Hunting Wolves, by Theodore Roosevelt.

Wolves I Have Known, by Inquisitor Hughes.

Other Wolves, by Cyrus T. Brady.

The Blue Wolf, by Henry Van Dyke.

Ellis Parker Butler.

Library in the 30th Century

An air-ship car dropped upon the roof of an immense building; the conductor shouted the perennial "step lively," and a handsome young woman alighted from it, entered a pneumatic tube and in an instant found herself in the library.

"Please show me some of your best and newest ideas for a novel, as I have an order for one which is to be finished in three days. I want particularly the beginning, the climax and the ending, the rest I can do myself."

"This way, please," said the obliging assistant, taking her into a room whose walls were studded with electric push-buttons. "This is our catalogue, every button has the name of some subject engraved upon it, and they are alphabetically arranged. When one is pressed, a small tube appears; by looking into it you'll see the pictures of your subjects moving before your eyes. This one labeled 'Springtime,' 'Ways of the Maid,' 'Young Man's Fancy,' will undoubtedly furnish a most satisfactory beginning. For a climax, 'The Divorce,' 'Yoked with a Brute,' 'Life's Volcanoes' seem to be very popular just now. The ending of the novel, however, is a vexatious problem, and has always given us much trouble. We have recently compiled a list, which may prove useful to you. I'll show you a few entries: 'Marriage,' as in the earlier epochs; 'Divorce,' in the advanced age; 'Euthanasia,' the result of the higher civilization, is the very latest thing. How would you like this ending? It is somewhat hackneyed, still, some like it very much. You notice that the young couple are starting on their wedding journey in a submarine boat; it is called, 'Lunatics at Large.' I understand that they will issue on their return a book called 'Famous Fish We Have Met.'

"By the way, permit me to show you a relic of the past ages. This drawer was used in the twentieth century for filing away cards with references to books bearing upon various subjects. In those days they actually expected you to read the books; yes, indeed, it was barbarous to subject the human race to such hardships.

ENGLISH TOURS By AUTOMOBILE

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated booklet free by post.

MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,

43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England

A LITTLE ICEBERG

floating round in the liquid depths of a High Ball made of

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

strongly suggests how to keep cool in hot weather.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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The most direct and simple form for travelers to provide themselves with funds while traveling either in this country or abroad is through the use of our Letters of Credit.

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Full particulars upon application.

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507 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

33 Pine Street, New York

Cables "Mimosa," New York



"THERE, I KNEW I'D BE THE CATCH OF THE SEASON!"

"Now, madam, shall I send the cylinders containing the four ideas you have selected, or do you prefer to have them inoculated immediately upon your brain cells? What a blessing the present methods are! A simple incision upon your cranium and the ideas are permanently lodged in your mind. Our charging system is an artistic color scheme; every patron of our library is given a color, yours for instance is the Zulu pink. By pressing the button with the corresponding color the charge is made.

"We have made some improvements since you were last here; perhaps you'll be interested in them. This new auditorium into which I am taking you is the News Spreading Station. The peculiar machine standing upon the platform is connected with all the telephonescopes, and produces true pictures of the events simultaneously with a brief description delivered in several languages. The age of reading newspapers is happily over.

"The next room, where you see the surgeons and nurses hurrying about, is the reference room. There the necessary information is inoculated upon our patrons.

"Did I understand you to ask about the Children's Department? Oh! you seem to have forgotten that nowadays the human species in their youth are put under the influence of the ether-form, which insures them a peaceful sleep until they reach the eighteenth year. They are then awakened, and the knowledge is applied in the usual inoculatory manner.

"These jars belong properly in the cataloging room. They contain extracts from the books preparatory to a chemical process which will in turn produce just such array of ideas and facts as you have ordered this morning.

(Continued on page 866)

30 Seconds

To detach or attach our rim.
No Bolts or Nuts to Remove.
Fire inflation on road obviated.

FREE TRIAL

Of Shock Absorbers.
Booklet explains how we have corrected spring troubles for

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AROUND THE WORLD CRUISES

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y. and Feb. 5, '10 from 'Frisco, \$650 and up.
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuert," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

Library in the 30th Century

(Continued from page 865)

"Our department of branch libraries is most extensive. We have installed in our parks, public buildings, air-ships and submarine boats a series of push-buttons of various colors. Every color signifies a different class of literature. By pushing the green button you see and hear a beautiful love story; red stands for history, orange for poetry, white for religion, black for domestic economy, etc. Even the trees along our streets are equipped with these buttons. I am glad you admire our progressive spirit; we feel that we must be active or the interests of our library will suffer.

"You do not care to be inoculated to-day? Very well, I'll send you the ideas you have selected by the pneumatic tube.

"Good morning, madam."

Aniela Poray.

Latest Books

Marriage a la Mode, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Red Horse Hill, by Sidney McCall. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

Plays, Acting and Music, by Arthur Symons. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.)

Philip the Forester, by Daniel Edwards Kennedy, M.A. (The Queen's Shop. \$4.50.)

Box Furniture, by Louise Brigham. (The Century Company.)

Love Among the Chickens, by P. G. Wodehouse. (Circle Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

Peter-Peter, by Maude Radford Warren. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

Jane Hamilton's Recipes, by Charlotte Mason Poin-
dexter. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.)

The Third Circle, by Frank Norris. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

A Drama in Sunshine, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.00.)

Gambolling with Galatea, by Curtis Dunham. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.15 net.)

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. 187, PHILA., PA.

The People at Play, by Rollin Lynde Hartt. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.)

When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems, by Edward William Thomson. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.)

A Royal Ward, by Percy Brebner. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

Elusive Isabel, by Jacques Futrelle. (Bobbs Merrill Co. \$1.50.)

The Body at Work, by Frances Gulick Jewett. (Ginn & Co. 50 cents.)

Railway Mail Service, by Clark E. Carr. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)



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An Immediate Success

The Inner Shrine

A Novel of To-day

Here are a few of the most recent reviews—enthusiastic praise that is spreading country-wide.

Rochester Post-Express, in a review of nearly two columns.

"No greater novel has been published for many years in the United States."

The Philadelphia Press says:

"A notable contribution to American fiction."

The Detroit Journal says:

"The book's great strength, the artistry of its technique and the cleverness of its character drawing."

The Baltimore News says:

"It is well to remember that the title rings like the coin cast by Mrs. Wharton; that Mrs. Deland has an unexpected way of man-

ifesting herself recently; that W. J. Locke is quite capable of masquerading; that Booth Tarkington . . . In fact, you never can tell, you never can tell!"

The New York Sun says:

"The story is vigorously told. It is a good story."

The New York Times says:

"The author of 'The Inner Shrine' has the story-teller's instinct. The dialogue is particularly clever."

The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"A star of the first magnitude. The most surprising novel of the year."

Splendidly Illustrated by Frank Craig.

Pictorial Wrapper.

Cloth, \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS

IF

A contemporary for whom our esteem is high has produced this wild surmise:

Abe Erlanger has been mentioned for Mayor of New York. If Abe should ever be elected to this job, we know a certain weekly in New York which would have to come out on asbestos.

The *Richmond Times-Despatch*, which is a paper of principle and ability, thus shows itself gifted in horrible imaginings. Two theatrical writers, who belong to Abe, have mentioned him for Mayor. One of these it was who printed seriously the story that Erlanger had out-boxed Kid McCoy; the same, and another, who told about his scholarship and library. Asbestos is expensive. Perhaps we might hire a funny man and depart on a vacation.—*Collier's Weekly*.

LIFE admires the megacephalic assurance with which the esteemed *Collier's* assumes that it is the weekly referred to by the *Times-Despatch*.

Writing the Short Story, by J. Berg Esenwein. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.

This 431-page long and interesting story of the short story, "now the most popular literary form," as the author says in his preface, is a handbook designed for literary workers, with special attention to the needs of the class-room.

It may not be that one can write an acceptable short story merely by reading this or any other book, but it stands to reason that the study of what other men's experiences have taught them cannot fail to be of assistance, no matter what the chosen line of effort. Mr. Esenwein brings

to his task a wide experience and has compiled the results with care. Literary workers ought to find it a good investment, if for no other reason than finding out how to save postage stamps.



P.P.C.

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.



Life's Garden Number

With a Colored Cover by James Montgomery Flagg

NEXT WEEK

This is the time of year when you have that Out Door feeling. Your mind begins to take on a vernal aspect. In fact, you don't care how green you feel. But—did you ever try to raise anything in a Garden? If you have, you will know that you always have to meet Nature half way. Although that thrifty dame never goes out on strike, she expects you to do some of the work. Now that's the way with the next number of Life. You must meet it half way, only—it isn't work, it's all play. A sunshiny number.

COMING!

July 1. Fourth of July Number

Colored Cover by Church

In this number, patriotism tingles from every type. But it isn't the patriotism that believes in shooting off dangerous fireworks. Pictorial to the last line.

July 22. Spooks' Number

Colored Cover by Irvin

Sh—! Ghosts galore. Spirits walking over every page. You may think this number is a dead one. And yet it is very much alive. Direct communication with all the frisky spirits of the other world.

July 29. Cooks' Number

Colored Cover by Phillips

Full of nourishment. Warranted to cure dyspepsia, chronic stomach and heartache. A gastronomical galaxy of glorious gleams. Laugh and grow fat over it.

August 19. Improper Number

Colored Cover by Kilvert

If you are at all prudish, don't get this number. A shock in every column. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. Of course, if you have been traveling in Europe, you may not mind. We have determined, however, to spare nobody. This opportunity does not occur very often. Be prepared.

Right after the Improper Number will follow the Chorus Girl number. We have put it after the Improper number so that it will not seem so terrible by contrast. Then follow the Courtship number, the Great White Way, the Midnight and—but we will reveal their secrets later.

In the meantime, if you are going away this summer, don't fail to notify us of your change of address. It is our experience that our subscribers can stand almost anything better than to miss one number of LIFE. Of course we can't help that, if you don't send us word. We'll tickle you all summer, if you will only remind us.



If you are a subscriber to LIFE you miss none of these good things. Price in the United States, Mexico and the American Possessions, \$5.00; Canada, \$5.52; abroad, \$6.04.



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those who hunt with a

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